

THE CALEDONIAN.

BY A. G. CHADWICK.

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POETRY.

FOR THE CALEDONIAN.

THE AFRICAN'S LAMENT.

Friends of the poor and parentless,
A tale of sorrow hear,
I bear not long this keen distress,
I know my end is near.
Hast thou of parents been bereft?
I once had parents kind;
But they have gone and early left
Their orphan boy behind.

Gone, but not on the wings of time
Down to the dark deep grave,
Nor to some distant sun-burnt clime
On deep Atlantic's wave.
Gone, but not to some rich man's feast
To be a welcome guest;
Nor to some far-famed land to taste
The sweets of Freedom's rest.

A man, I think they call'd him so,
Came to our house one day,
And said my parents both must go,
Far South, with him, away,
They groaned, they wept, I never saw
Their anguish half so great;
The man was stern, and said the law
Could not its force abate.

I asked if us he could not let,
Life's ills together stem,
All other friends I might forget,
But friends as dear as them.
But no; his heart was hard and cold,
No streams of love were there.
He knelt his brow and bid me hold
My unavailing prayer.

My parents went; what robbery this,
The wreck of all my joy;
He would not let them take one kiss,
From their ill-fated boy.
They went—I watched them close and long,
I may not see them more,
Till we all strike redemption's song
On Heaven's unfettered shore.

My end is near; I see the wreck
Of hope, of life and fame;
My grief, I sometimes think, would check
Ambition's highest flame.
The hour draws nigh, nor would I ask
Death's messenger to stay,
'Tis fit poor Africa's sons should bask
In Heaven's unclouded day.

Is there no rest this side the grave?
No rich redeeming grace?
Great God, reach forth thy hand and save
Our long degraded race.
Thank Heaven, by faith I see the day,
When all mankind shall know
The triumph of proud Freedom's sway,
O'er Africa's vilest foe.

In the works of Charles Lamb, is the subjoined trilling and graphic description of a person in the last stages of a Consumption. It is taken from "Lines composed at Midnight."

"Those are the moanings of the dying man,
Who lies in the upper chamber; restless moans,
And interrupted only by a cough
Consumptive, torturing the wasted lungs.
So in the bitterness of death he lies,
And waits in anguish for the morning's light—
What can that do for him, or what restore?
Short taste, faint sense, affecting noises,
And little images of pleasures past—
Of health and active life—health not yet slain.

On his tedious bed
He writhes and turns him from the accusing light,
And finds no comfort in the sun, but says—
"When night comes, I shall get a little rest."
Some few groans more, and then an end.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RESTING PLACE.—"So man lieth down, and riseth not, till the heavens be no more; they shall not wake, nor be raised out of their sleep."

However dark and disconsolate the path of life may seem to any man, there is an hour of deep and quiet repose at hand, when the body shall sink in dreamless slumber. Let not the imagination be startled, if this resting place, instead of the bed of down, shall be the bed of gravel, or the rocky pavement of the tomb. No matter where the poor remains of wearied man may lie, the repose is deep and undisturbed—the tears are dried up in the their fountains—the aching head is at rest, and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation, roll unheeded over the place of graves. Let armies engage in fearful conflicts over the very bosom of the pale nations of the dead; not one of the sleepers shall hear the spirit-stirring trumpet or respond to the rending shouts of victory.

How quietly these countless millions slumber in the arms of their mother earth. The voice of the thunder shall not awake them; the loud cry of the elements—the winds—the waves, nor even the giant tread of the earthquake, shall be able to cause any inquietude in the chambers of

death. They shall rest securely through ages; empires shall rise and pass away; the last great battle shall be fought; and then a silver voice, at first but just heard, shall rise to a tempest tone, and penetrate the voiceless grave. For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall hear his voice. —J. N. Magill.

THE YOUNG WIFE.

Influence of cheerfulness—Dr. Salgues' opinion—Anecdote—Evils of a want of cheerfulness—Story of Alexis and Amelia.

The young wife owes it to her husband and to the world to be cheerful. She is seldom aware of the amazing importance of this quality to her own happiness, as well as to that of others.

Dr. Salgues, professor to the Institute of France has the following excellent remarks on the importance of what he calls gaiety, but which answers exactly to what we call cheerfulness:—"It is," says he, "the best preservation against anxiety and grief, it is the golden panacea, the secret of longevity, the elixir of life." And in another place he adds, "Joy and gaiety give activity to transpiration, render digestion easier and better, sleep more regular and refreshing, the cure of sickness easier, the period of convalescence shorter, and life itself longer."

This is the importance of cheerfulness in general. But its peculiar importance to the wife can best be seen by observing those families where it is wanting. Unhappily, they are so numerous that we need not go very far for the purpose.

I recollect most distinctly a family of this painful description, not a hundred miles from the place of my nativity.

It was a small family, in moderate, though not affluent circumstances, and surrounded by most of those externals which are calculated to make life delightful. Yet cheerfulness was only an occasional visitor there—seldom or never an inmate.

The father labored like a galley slave, to amass property, and almost always came home from his labor fatigued and dejected; never smiling or happy. The mother, born, as it seemed, to perpetual sullenness and gloom, did nothing of course to cheer his spirits. Not a sprightly word or cheering look was ever transmitted from the one to the other, except on extraordinary occasions, as on the arrival of some friendly visitor. More than this, the countenance of the mother usually wore a frown, even in her happiest moments.

In this sad condition things went on for many years. A family of three children were in the mean time rising to maturity, and their character for time and for eternity, forming under such woful influences. They were at length fairly on the stage of life, and actors in life's busy scenes. And what were their tempers and dispositions? Two of them are far from being cheerful and happy. Nor were they happy in their youth for they were often melancholic in the midst of the gayest companions. Some of them already have raised families of their own, among whom they are spreading, by gloomy countenances, the same unhappy influences to which themselves, in early life, had been subjected.

In my youth I had occasion to spend a few days in the cheerless family of which I have been speaking. As I was a mere boy, there was probably no effort to appear differently from what was usual in the family; and therefore I had a fine opportunity to see things as they were.

I believe I was in the family four days. Yet during this whole time, I never heard a pleasant voice, or saw a kind countenance or a friendly smile, except in a single instance. The father was dejected; the mother was irritable; the daughters were peevish and gloomy; the sons were discontented and unhappy.

There was no cord of love and union there.—The father never sat down, in the midst of a happy family, nor formed the hero of a circle around the fireside. If he had a moment's leisure, he was at the "store," or the "corner," in the midst of other and sometimes more unfavorable influences.

Now when I reflect upon the circumstances of this group of relatives—for I will not call it a family—I feel a good degree of confidence that maternal kindness would have prevented all this. Not through the medium of occasional smiles or acts of kindness but by an uninterrupted series of those looks and acts that make their impression on the heart, and imperceptibly, though effectually, win it.

Abbott, in his "Path of Peace," describes this state of things as if he too, like myself, had been an eye witness to it. Speaking of the want of cheerfulness, and its sad effects upon the husband he thus observes:

"When, wearied and excited by the harassments of the day, your husband has returned to his home, he has not been met with a smile of welcome, and a placid heart. The parlor is in a clutter, the children are neglected, his wife is fretful. Love, even the most pure and the most fervent, cannot long survive such encounters. The tavern-keeper will bid him welcome. He will have the little snug parlor, for the whist party, neat and in order, and his associates will be careful to avoid offence. They will greet him with the open hand and the smiling brow. Is it strange, that a man who is not governed by christian principles, should under such circumstances, forget his wife and forsake his home? Is it strange, that he should live with those who are careful to minister to his pleasures?"

He also gives the following excellent advice:—"Cultivate a cheerful spirit. Cheerfulness is the twin sister of gratitude. They are born together. They walk hand in hand through life, and the death of one breaks the heart of the other. Gratitude is the homage which the heart gives to God for his goodness. Cheerfulness is the external manifestation of this praise."

I have said that the importance of cheerfulness in a wife could best be shown, by exhibiting the evils which flow from a want of it. But it may also be shown by examples of the contrary description. I will present one.

Alexis is a day laborer. He was originally indolent; but the wants of a family, beginning to be felt, have aroused him. He now labors incessantly, and labors hard.

In all his efforts, he is seconded and sustained, by his wife. It is true she was a little disappointed in her expectations in regard to his circumstances. As he was the son of a wealthy farmer, she thought he would receive that aid from his father, which would at least render their circum-

stances comfortable. But no; the old gripus withholds his aid, to a dollar. He will not lift a finger to encourage. "Let him put his own shoulder to the wheel, & then call for Hercules." I like the principle very well, but I should like it also if the old man was sincere in his application of it—if it were not a mere excuse for retaining, at its full size, his own heap.

But as I have already intimated, Amelia, though disappointed, is not discouraged. She makes the best of things as they are. She is doing her utmost. And she is doing very much. She has indeed already done much. She has led Alexis into habits of industry, already; she is leading him to other virtues, and to happiness. And how is she doing it? Not by wise words in the form of direct instruction;—not by her sage counsels;—not even by her example, alone. What then? It is by her never-tiring cheerfulness; or at least chiefly so.

How is this cheerfulness shown or manifested? To answer this question fully would be to give the whole history of a day. I need not only say that her countenance always wears a smile, an unaffected one, too, when she meets him; that her every word or action corresponds to the feelings indicated by her countenance. Every thing she says or does in his presence warms his heart, and inspires hope. And to inspire hope is to reform and make happy.

Above all, does she perform the angelic task the reception she gives him in the evening. When he comes home, as often happens after dark, he finds not only the lighted window and the blazing hearth, but the still more cheering light of his wife's countenance, to welcome him.

He can scarcely feel a want of food, drink, or repose, which is not fully anticipated, and for which provision is not made in the most happy manner. Who that is perpetually cheered by those whom he tenderly loves, can help being cheerful? Who can help smiling, that is constantly smiled upon? Who can avoid being happy, where nought exists but happiness?

Had Alexis married any other than Amelia, or a person who like her, sympathized deeply with him, and had she proved a very angel to him in every other respect, it is doubtful whether he would have made the industrious man he now is. Nay, more; there is every reason to believe he would have gone "down hill" with a velocity far greater than that with which he is now moving upwards.

Amelia has saved him. She has led him through a kind and merciful providence, into the right way. His path, if it be not that of the just, in the scripture phrase, is at least like it; and is probably destined, like it, to shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

From the Fredonia (N. Y.) Centor.

TERRELL WAR IN A NEW QUARTER.—CHATEAUCO. On Saturday the 6th ult. several of the eastern towns in this county were thrown into the greatest commotion by a report that got into circulation that three thousand Indians from Canada had landed at the mouth of Chateaugue Creek, and had made their way into the region of the Connetquot valley, and were pressing on murdering and scalping every body in their way. An express came into Sinclairville to the Colonel of the regiment there, under the greatest excitement, tears actually standing in his eyes. Immediately the rumor flew. All the old guns were instantly in requisition, many that had remained dumb for years, unless breaking silence at a squirrel hunt—the ten chests of all the stores were rifled for lead, which was immediately run up into bullets—every ounce of powder in the place was bought, and a team got up to send to this village for more—directions were given to the families of those who were going to meet the enemy how to secure themselves, and in short every preparation was made for a bloody encounter. In the town of Arkwright, the excitement and alarm was, if possible, still greater. During the afternoon and night families were flying from house to house, in some cases half a dozen families congregated together, the greatest dismay depicted on their countenances—horses were kept harnessed to wagons all night ready for instant flight—weapons of defence of every kind were brought into requisition, the women assisting therein—one old lady we are assured ran a hundred bullets. We are told that the reason the express did not come through from Arkwright to this village, was the intervention of about a mile of woods, into which he did not dare penetrate for fear of being waylaid. A horse on one route, we are informed was actually rode to death.

But our readers are probably anxious by this time to know what gave rise to all this hubbub, and we think it is time to inform them. Well, a drunken coot in the village of Rutledge, which is situated on the eastern line of this county, having taken his usual deep potation, retired to the edge of a piece of woods and stretched himself out upon a log to sleep it off. A short time afterwards one of his children, a little girl, discovering him in this situation, and at the same time perceiving a little farther in the woods a couple of squaws, who were however very peaceably employed in making brooms or baskets, ran home in great terror and told her mother the Indians had killed her father—the mother spread the alarm in the village with the usual accompaniments—the couriers were sent off and by the time they reached the next towns the number of Indians was multiplied into three thousand! and from this simple circumstance arose all this ferment, that for 24 hours kept the inhabitants of three or four towns in fear of instant death by merciless savages. And for the time being, we suppose that neither ancient or modern history furnishes a parallel to it. The marvellous exploits of Sancho Panza upon the Island Barataria; the battle of the kegs, and the ever memorable outbreak of the Windham frogs, when the sable African ran in terror to his master exclaiming,

"Old Lucifer's come, and call'd for his crew,
And you must go massa, and Elderkim too."
were not a priming to this Indian war. The next day, however, brought a little sober reflection, and with it a feeling not much more agreeable than that caused by their tears. Like the good people of Windham, we understand those infected do not say a word upon the subject. So we will spare their feelings by stopping where we are.

At a Military School, in Paris they are boring for water, and have already dug a well 1300 feet deep, without success.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN RANDOLPH. During one of the debates in the Senate of the United States on Mr. Calhoun's resolutions, Mr. Clay related the following interesting anecdote respecting the late John Randolph of Roanoke:

"Mr. Clay continued by referring to what Mr. Calhoun had said touching the compromise, and to his allusions to Mr. Randolph. Mr. Clay said that he most sincerely lamented the death of the distinguished Virginian, but since allusion had been made to him in connection with the compromise act of Missouri, he felt bound to say that the part Mr. Randolph took in that controversy came nearer dissolving the Union and shaking it to its centre than any thing that had been done since that day to the present moment. He well remembered that exciting and fearful controversy. It was a fearful moment, and one that threatened the dissolution of all that was dear to the friends of the Union.

Upon one occasion, said Mr. Clay, while I was Speaker of the House, during the night session, the exclamations from one of the lamps had caused one of the members to faint. He was taken to the rear of the Hall. I called some one to take my place, and left the chair to learn the character and extent of the illness of the member who had fainted. In returning to the chair I was met by Mr. Randolph, whom I had not before seen to speak for several weeks. "I wish," said Mr. Randolph to me, "you would leave Congress and go to Kentucky. I will follow you there or any where else." I well understood what he meant, for many of the Southern members had seriously discussed at that moment the propriety of leaving Congress and the city, and returning to their homes. I told Mr. Randolph I had no time to converse with him then but requested him to call on me at the Speaker's room next morning. In accordance with his usual punctuality he came, and we spent an hour in conversation—he pressing his point and I mine: he arguing in favor of making no compromise upon any consideration, and I defending the act of compromise so long as we made no compromise of principle. We argued the question an hour, and separated after shaking hands and promising to be good friends. We never met again during the session."

London is the largest and the richest city in the world, occupying a surface of 32 square miles, thickly planted with houses, mostly three, four, and five stories high. It contained, in 1831, a population of 1,471,941. It consists of London city, Westminster city, Finsbury, Marylebone, Tower Hamlets, Southwark, and Lambeth districts. In 1834, there entered the port of London, 3,786 British ships, 1,280 foreign ships; 2,669 were registered as belonging to it in 1832, with 38,786 seamen. The London docks cover 20 acres; the two West India docks cover 51 acres; St. Catherine's dock covers 24 acres. There are generally about 5,000 vessels and 3,000 boats on the river, employing 8,000 watermen and 4,000 laborers. London pays about one third of the window duty. In England the number of houses assessed are about 129,000, rated at upwards of five millions sterling; about a third are not assessed. The house rental is probably seven or eight millions, including taverns, hotels, and public houses. The retailers of spirits and beer are 10,000; while the dealers in the staff of life are somewhere about a fourth of this number.—Numbering all the courts, alleys, streets, lanes, squares, places and rows, they amount to upwards of 10,000; and on account of their extreme points, no individual could pass through them in the space of one whole year.—British and Foreign Commercial Advertiser.

WHAT A CHANGE!—At the November election 1836, Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New-York, N. Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, N. Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, and Michigan, gave Mr. Van Buren 577,591, while the Whig candidates for the Presidency received 568,137, giving a Van Buren majority, of 9,454. The same States at the late elections have given for the Van Buren candidates 591,571 for the Whigs 635,816, being a Whig majority of 104,245, or a net Whig gain in one year of 113,697 votes; and if a similar gain has taken place in the other 9 States according to the votes given by them in 1836, then the present Whig majority in the Union is not short of 171,342 votes. Now how vain it is for the friends of the Administration to hope for success against such an overwhelming majority as 171,342!—N. H. Courier.

CHANGE IN TIMES.—Great falling off in Property. It appears by the annual State Treasury Report, that the aggregate valuation of real and personal estate in the State of New York is less this year than last, by \$51,921,100; of this decrease, \$41,226,820 is in the estimate of real estate, and \$10,694,280 on personal estate. The falling off in the assessed value of real estate in the city of New York, is \$37,292,203; and the diminution in the valuation of personal estate, is \$8,461,376. There was an increase in the estimated value of real estate, in the city of New York, from 1835, to 1836 of \$90,009,878.

The whole real and personal estate in the State is valued at \$620,451,088.

The Legislature of Kentucky has passed a bill to take the sense of the people on the propriety of calling a State Convention. The design of the Convention is to take into consideration the subject of the abolition of Slavery in Kentucky.

Wooden Artillery. Every body laughed at the story of the Canadians manufacturing cannon of wood. We have always heard that such ones were used in Vermont during the Revolution. The Encyclopedia Americana says—

The first cannon were made of wood, wrapped in numerous folds of linen, and well secured by iron hoops. They were of a conical form, widest at the muzzle. Afterwards they received a cylindrical shape. At length they were made of iron bars, firmly bound together like casks by iron hoops. In the second half of the fourteenth century, they were formed of an alloy of copper and tin, and in process of time other metals were added. In 1740, cannon were made of iron at St. Petersburg, and balls of many pounds weight were projected without injuring the pieces. Boston paper.

Congressional.

Correspondence of the New York Daily Express. Washington, Jan. 23.

Mr. Cambreleng reported a bill making a partial appropriation for the suppression of Indian hostilities, and the House went into Committee of the whole on the same. The bill appropriates a million of dollars.

Mr. Wise said that this bill was just such a bill as he thought it was, before the House went into Committee of the whole. It was a bill for making war and not for suppressing war,—a bill for the further prosecution of a ruinous, disgraceful and disastrous war. Give me, said Mr. Wise, the Committee I asked at the special session of Congress, and I will prove that we have no war—that the war is a war of the harpies of the Government who are enriching themselves upon the spoils of the Government—upon the appropriations made by the General Government.—Look, said Mr. Wise, to the steamboats now in Florida, at an expense of thousands and tens of thousands to the General Government. In conclusion, Mr. Wise referred to the conduct of General Jesup, and said his conduct was disgraceful and irreparable in the extreme. The whole war was iniquitous in its origin, and base and treacherous in its continuance.

Mr. Downing, the delegate from Florida, replied with much spirit to Mr. Wise. He said no Floridian was flatteringly upon the appropriations of the General Government—not one.

Mr. Wise said he made no charges against the citizens of Florida—none whatever—he only charged the harpies of the General Government with consuming the appropriations of the Government, and flatteringly upon the spoils of office. These, Mr. Wise said, were the men who were hovering, like harpies, over the carrier there.

Mr. Downing continued, and aimed at a strong terms upon the conduct of those men in the House, and out of the house, who expressed the sympathy they did for the interest manifested for the Indians. Had these "poor devils," as he called the Seminoles, been hung as they deserved—had the Indian scoundrels been dealt with as Southern white men would have been dealt with—if the rope and the gallows had been used upon the Indians as it would have been upon the white man, the war would long since have been ended.

Mr. Thompson of North Carolina, has spoken in reply to Mr. Wise, in condemnation of the act of Gen. Jesup in his capture of Osceola. Mr. Ciley of Maine, was rather in favor of killing off the Indians. Mr. Everett of Vermont, was opposed to the scalping knife arguments of Mr. Ciley and other members. Mr. Biddle of Penn. took the floor and was beginning a long speech, when the committee rose.

The Senate passed the bill for the better security of the lives of passengers on board of steamboats and vessels propelled in part or in whole by steam.

January 24.

A Bill is now before the Senate from the Committee on Military Affairs for the purpose of increasing the military establishment of the United States.

As soon as the Journal was read, the House went into Committee of the whole upon the consideration of the bill before the House yesterday, making an appropriation of \$1,000,000 for the further prosecution of the Florida war.

Mr. Thompson of S. C. who made a general remark yesterday that the hearts of the Northern philanthropists were as black as the skins of the Ethiopian—this morning begged to be understood as making his remarks only in reference to Northern abolitionists, and not to the north generally.

Mr. Biddle, of Penn. followed Mr. Thompson, and was about to reply with much severity to the remarks made yesterday by Messrs. Thompson, Wise and Downing, which Mr. B. thought were derogatory to the North, but

Mr. Conner, who was in the chair, would not permit him to reply to the members who had spoken harshly of the north, and Mr. Patton of Virginia, called him to order for irrelevancy of remarks. Mr. Biddle submitted to the call, and replied to the other parts of the remarks. Mr. Downing of Florida, had said yesterday, that if the Cherokees had not been employed as mediators in that war, it would long since have ended. Who, said Mr. B. employed the Cherokees as mediators? Was it not the General Government? That member, too, continued Mr. Biddle, has said that it was the plea with its false sympathy that encouraged the Indians to continue this war. It is the Press, but not the Press that gentleman alludes to, that has caused the continuation and misfortune of that war. No—it was the Government Press here that was the means of recalling General Scott. It was the Press of the administration that published private letters, and letters marked private. This was the cloud that hung over Florida, and which led to the recall of General Scott, and the appointment of another General in his place; who was sent to Florida with a promise to undo all that General Scott had done, and yet who, after undoing all that had been done by his predecessor, was now compelled to follow in his footsteps. This private letter of General Jesup, continued Mr. Biddle, has caused more mischief than all the Seminoles together.

Mr. Underwood of Kentucky, followed Mr. B. and said that he should be in no haste to make the appropriation asked by the Committee of Ways and Means. Mr. Underwood said that at the special session of Congress he had brought forward a Resolution calling upon the Secretary of War, for information in regard to the number of Indians employed in the war,—the number of troops,—the expenses of war, and every particular in relation to the war. The Resolution was adopted by the House at the Special Session, but no answer had been returned from the Secretary of War. In voting, therefore, for this appropriation, said Mr. Underwood, I am compelled to vote in the dark. The Secretary of War will not give me the information sought for.

January 24th, Evening.

The bill making an appropriation of one million of dollars for the suppression of Indian hostilities, and the bill making an appropriation of six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for the defence of the Northern frontier,—both bills making but partial appropriations for their specified objects,—were this afternoon taken from the Committee of the whole and reported to the